UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Mira—The Mahatma's Spiritual Daughter
- - - - - - - *By Haridas T. Muzumdar*

In Defense of Dollfuss—
- - - - - - - - - *By Erna Bruenauer*

The Coming War in the Pacific
- - - - - - - - - *By Taraknath Das*

Can We Change Human Nature?
- - - - - - *By Hugh Stevenson Tigner*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Ten Constructive Commandments

I

Love God with heart and soul and might, for He is the Source of all good, even of life itself.

II

Love your mother and father, obeying them because they seek your welfare alone.

III

Work willingly for all you want; play fairly and enjoy your labor and your play.

IV

Take care of your body and protect your life, helping others to do the same.

V

Learn the truth, and live and tell it at all times.

VI

Love and serve your fellow-man as yourself.

VII

Learn all you can about yourself and the world in which you live so that you live in accordance with the laws of life.

VIII

Master yourself, learning how to control your passions and to be your best self under all conditions.

IX

Be as willing to give as to take, knowing that all have the same human rights.

X

Keep in accord with all you know, making others happy as you enjoy life.

—Clifton Harby Levy.
Centre of Jewish Science.

Mahatma Gandhi

I have seen and heard Mahatma Gandhi. Though I did not have an opportunity to meet him personally as I had hoped to do, perhaps the chance I did have was better than a personal audience, for it was in a setting which gave me a glimpse of his popularity and power.

In making out an itinerary for my brief stop in India I had tentatively included Ahmedabad, near Bombay, which is Gandhi's headquarters. On making inquiry of some Indian friends as to the possibility of meeting him, I was told that he was away from there on a trip, and was expected in Calcutta at this time. I, therefore, extended

(*Continued on Page* 99)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXIV MONDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1934 Number 5

HYMN

(Written Especially for the Methodist Sesquicentennial)

Eternal God, beneath Thy hand
Stretch far the coasts of every land;
The boundless plain, the hidden mine,
The streams, the forests,—all are Thine.
At Thy command the mountains rise;
Thou art the Lord of earth and skies.

Thine are the men of zeal and worth
Who search Thy ways through all Thy earth,
Who face the storm, who brave the sea,
In light and darkness, seeking Thee,
Who flash the message through the air,
That God, our God, is everywhere.

Come we some stalwart souls to praise,
Who found Thee in the far-off days,
Who saw in continents Thy will,
Thy truth in prairie, lake, and hill,
But knew that only in man's heart
The everlasting life Thou art.

Here now these rugged spirits meet
From lonely trail, from city's street,
From Southern heat, from Western breeze,
From kin and comrades overseas;
Their throbbing purposes we feel,
As bowed with them our spirits kneel.

Within their counsels can there be
A world-wide Church's destiny?
Will here they make a valid plan
To search the world for every man?
They did their part! God grant that we
May now fulfil their prophecy!

Today as yesterday the same,
Breathe Thou on us the sacred flame;
The paths our valiant fathers trod,
Help us to find, O Changeless God;
Reveal in us anew this hour
The love of Christ, His life, His power.

—*Frank Mason North* in *Zion's Herald.*

It was pathetic to read of the assassination of King Alexander, of Jugo-Slavia, and remember Louis Adamic's statement, in his remarkable book, "The Native's Return," that this young monarch lived in constant fear of this sort of end. Why he should fear, and why the end at last has come, is made perfectly plain in Adamic's volume, which almost from the first hour of its publication was denied entrance into Alexander's country. For this king was a dictator of the Mussolini and Hitler order. In the most approved Fascist style he had abolished the nation's parliament, established his single autocratic authority, and outlawed all political parties, more particularly the Peasant Party. The accompaniments of this type of high-handed rule were, and are, as abundant and terrible in Jugo-Slavia as in other tyrant-ridden nations—repression, cruelty, wholesale arrests and banishments, unspeakable tortures in the prisons and concentration camps, the people downtrodden and robbed of all vestiges of liberty, and over them not only the monarch's hirelings but the rich and powerful industrialists and the ruthless military. We have read nothing of Italy, or even of Germany, which is worse than what Louis Adamic has reported of his unhappy country. That the king should be killed, and by the hand of one of the oppressed nationalities of Jugo-Slavia, in this instance a Croatian, was, as Adamic has said "inevitable." Fortunately it is domestic rather than international matters which are involved in this ghastly tragedy, and thus Marseilles is not likely, either soon or late, to duplicate Serajevo. But a blaze in the Balkans is like flames in a powder-magazine, and we must agree, therefore, that Europe is again cast into utter confusion and dire peril. We hope, and indeed believe, that events will in due course calm down, just as they did after the murder of Dollfuss last July. But a situation, now more complicated and uncertain than ever, remains what it has been for so long—a situation seething with the stirrings of war. There is a dreadful irony in the fact that it was Alexander's intransigeant leadership of Serbia in 1914 which largely precipitated the conflict which now, in its latest repercussions, has slain him.

In the early days of the CCC—Civilian Conservation Corps—we scoffed at the idea as of insignificant importance in the great national crisis, and later condemned it for its tendencies towards general ineffectiveness in practical operation. As time has gone on, we have felt doubtful of our attitude, and now have become convinced that we were wrong. Facts have justified the experiment which, modest in the beginning, has expanded into one of the great enterprises of the New Deal. Thus, during a period of eighteen months, the corps has given employment to no less than 850,000 men, a not inconsiderable total even in the face of an unemployment roll of more than 10,000,000. The cost of the

undertaking has amounted to $433,000,000, a small sum as compared with vast expenditures in other directions, something like $500 per man. Balancing this is a large amount of conservation work in field and forest, and the lifting of a huge burden of public relief. More important is the salvaging of these thousands of young men and boys who would otherwise have been wandering the streets of our cities and the highways of our countryside, waifs and wanderers, and ultimately tramps and hoboes. That the camps have led to some disorders is undeniable. That there have been militaristic tendencies in organization and discipline we have no doubt, although it is our judgment that this has been very considerably exaggerated. All in all, the CCC has done well what it was planned to do, and this was abundantly worth doing. We therefore withdraw our criticisms, with due apologies to the administration, and commend the President for ordering this phase of the New Deal to be continued indefinitely. In this field, at least, Mr. Roosevelt has put to rout his critics, ourselves included, and written large success upon his program.

The defeat of the so-called radicals in the British Labor Party convention is an ominous sign of the times. It looks dreadfully like another chapter of the lamentable story written by the Social Democrats in Germany, and the Labor Party itself in an earlier England. A year ago, it will be remembered, the party took drastic action in the matter of war, pledging the workers of the kingdom to an attitude of resistance to international conflict on absolutist grounds. Now this attitude is qualified by the ancient and silly reservation of defensive war—O yes, the workers will now fight to defend Britain from attack! The British Labor Party, in other words, is no longer a pacifist organization. On the issue of the House of Lords, also, the recent Labor convention took the conservative position—that the workers would not interfere with the peers unless the peers themselves interfered with Labor legislation. The Party flatly rejected the proposal of the radicals that the House of Lords be abolished, and did little more than agree to do what Asquith did, for example, when the Lords undertook to destroy his famous Budget Bill. Finally, it repudiated all direct methods of accomplishing the socialization of industry. The Asquith parallel is useful at this moment as indicating just what this latest convention of the Labor Party really means. What we now have in this organization, obviously enough, is the successor in this century of the Liberal Party of the last century. These Labor politicians are Liberals, that is all—concerned not with the ending but rather with the mending of the existing order of capitalistic society. It's the old alignment, inside the existing system, of Whigs and Tories, the Laborites now succeeding the Liberals as Whigs. The result of this development is of course obvious. The ardent, idealistic, thorough-going spirits in the Party will in one way or another, in a longer or shorter time, withdraw into Communism—see John Strachey!—and the growth of Communism will straightway accelerate the growth of Fascism, and in England, as elsewhere, it will be "Reds" versus "Blacks." We count this a ghastly tragedy, for in England, if nowhere else, the democratic ideal and method should prevail. And the responsibility belongs to British Labor which has to all intents and purposes abandoned its heroic crusade.

The British Labor Party still looks "red," however, when compared with organized labor here in the United States. Thus, the *Christian Century,* referring to the American Federation of Labor convention in San Francisco, declares that it is "the same old A. F. of L." Of course! When was it anything else. The *Christian Century* states that, "as a radical element in the national life," the Federation "stands perhaps a trifle to the left of the United States Chamber of Commerce, but a long distance to the right of the Federal Council of Churches." To the right, undoubtedly, of the Council, but *not* to the left of the Chamber of Commerce! We should put Federation and Chamber side by side as co-partners in the American capitalistic system, twin pillars of the temple of capitalistic exploitation. For the Federation seeks nothing but a little larger share in the profits of industry. Give the workers a dollar a week more pay, a half-hour a week less time, and the Federation is perfectly satisfied. Look at the San Francisco convention!—the same old marking of time, varied only by a savage and libelous attack on the American Civil Liberties Union which adds one more item to the lengthening record of William Green's bitter and black reactionism. One has only to look at this A. F. of L. to realize that this country, as a matter of fact, has no real labor movement at all. The disgracefully small membership of the Federation—still under 3,000,000—tells its own story of futility and failure. But when there is added to this, the character of this membership—a crowd of fossilized aristocrats of toil, about as representative of American labor as the doddering old Union League Club is representative of American citizenry—the hopelessness of the situation becomes apparent. In any classification of influences in this country, the American Federation of Labor must be ranked with the Republican Party, the Liberty League, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the American Legion, the U. S. Manufacturers Association,

and numerous Homes for the Aged and Infirm, as one of the rock-ribbed defenders of the *status quo.*

The seriousness of the drought, and incidentally of the crop destruction policies of the AAA is revealed in the recent report of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. Supplies are going to be so scant this winter and through 1935, and prices for food so high, that the great majority of the people will in all probability have to change their diet—i. e., lower still further their standard of living. (One more illustration, along with the increasing relief rolls, of the recovery we are enjoying as a result of the New Deal!) Of all the food supplies, wheat alone is "ample," thanks to "the carry-over surpluses," some of which originated in the Hoover administration. Eggs will be scarce next year, perhaps as much as 15 per cent below normal, which in turn will "cause the smallest poultry meat supply in twenty years." Equally bad is the regular meat supply and of this it is interesting to note that pork is the hardest hit. *Pork!* What was the AAA doing to pigs last winter? How many brood sows and little pigs were slaughtered, to cut down the supply and raise the price? And now the supply has been cut down with a vengeance. Great work, this scarcity business! We have wondered from the beginning, and still wonder, how anybody could ever have imagined, even in the days before the drought, that the health and happiness of the people and the welfare of the nation could be served, even temporarily, by making the necessities of life scarce and expensive. We are told that what we need, to get us out of the depression, is increased purchasing power in the hands of consumers. But what weakens purchasing power so fast and so sure as increased prices? This winter, and through 1935, we are going to have less food available than before, and this less easy to buy. If this be recovery, give us hard times!

Harvard has redeemed herself! She is at last free, thanks to the action of the President and Corporation, from the entanglements with Nazi Germany which have been a genuine source of worry to all her sons. The visit of Dr. Haufstaengl last June was an almost nauseating affair. The right of this alumnus to join his class in celebrating their anniversary was of course unquestionable. But the laudation of the classmates, the suggestion by the *Crimson* of an honorary degree, and the noise in the newspapers, combined to bring the whole affair into disgusting disrepute. This fall came the amazing action of Dean Pound in accepting an honorary degree from the University of Berlin. The acceptance was bad enough, but the circumstances surrounding the event were worse. The spectacle of Dean Pound being decorated by the German Ambassador, Dr. Luther, lickspittling apologist of Adolf Hitler and all his work, in the very halls of fair Harvard, was one which will linger as a kind of nightmare in the minds of every right-minded Harvard man. But now comes official action of the University which cleans the dirty slate. It will be remembered that Dr. Haufstaengl offered to President Conant a scholarship of $1,000, to be used by some student for travel-study in Germany. This gift has been refused. So admirable is the statement of the refusal, and the reason therefor, that we publish herewith the letter sent by the President to his unworthy fellow-alumnus. The text is as follows:

> At a meeting of the president and Fellows of Harvard College, held today, your offer of a traveling scholarship, to be known as the Dr. Haufstaengl scholarship, was considered I am authorized to say that, although the corporation appreciates your generosity as a Harvard alumnus, they have voted to decline your gift.
>
> We are unwilling to accept a gift from one who has been so closely associated with the leadership of a political party which has inflicted damage on the universities of Germany through measures which have struck at principles we believe to be fundamental to universities throughout the world.
>
> Since your offer was made public and has been the subject of discussion, we deem it proper to make this letter public.

This letter, in its brevity, precision, and simple eloquence, brings back the best days of Harvard. It is just the kind of letter that would have been written on such an occasion by Charles William Eliot. As a statement of the right attitude of civilization and culture toward Nazi barbarism, it is incomparable. Here is a standard lifted to which we all Americans may well repair.

Many Christians, perhaps most Christians, in this country have been reluctant to join in the boycott against Nazi Germany. But these same Christians have been quick enough, and ardent, too, in joining in the boycott against the "movies." What's the difference, friends? The boycott principle, be it good or bad, wise or unwise, is identically the same in both cases. What is the argument for supporting the Legion of Decency in its warfare against Hollywood? That the films are indecent; that they imperil those best standards of civilized life which we have spent centuries of religious, cultural, and social influence to build up; that they are degrading our minds and disintegrating the very fabric of our society! These charges, we believe, are true. But they are true, we also believe, quite as much against Hitler as against Hollywood. Indeed, we have an idea that we could probably survive a long time the menace of the "movies," but we do not see that we could survive for any measurable length of time at all the menace of the Nazis. In any case, we have in these Brown Shirts of Germany a phenomenon which, like the "movies," is indecent, is imperiling the true standards of our organized life, and is degrading and disintegrating the basic influences upon which we can alone depend for the survival of all

that we hold dear in our democratic culture and civilized social order. Now, if the boycott is a sound weapon in the one instance, why not also in the other? If we join in saying, we will have nothing to do with this subversive and dangerous "movie" industry, and thus will do all we can as individuals to ruin and destroy it, so long as it remains thus subversive and dangerous, why should we not similarly join in saying, we will have nothing to do with this barbarian government of Germany, and thus will do all we can to ruin and destroy it? The arguments against the boycott are as strong in the one case as in the other, and so are the arguments in favor. In other words, we are facing here the same situation, and must be consistent. We therefore call upon the churches of this country either to give up their boycott of the "movies," or else to join at once in the boycott of the Reich.

Jottings

Moses, in his task of getting the Israelites out of Egypt, had an easy job as compared with Robert Moses, of New York, in his task of getting the Republicans of his state out of the doldrums.

If the Communists did all the things they are accused of doing (and never getting caught!), they would be the most remarkable people in the world; and well entitled, through sheer merit of achievement, to take over the conduct of human affairs. A group that can convulse a nation with strikes, honeycomb its schools and colleges with sedition, capture its churches, dominate its innumerable social reform groups, and even seize Washington and the administration—well, it awes us into reverent amaze!

In Mussolini's Italy, married women are not allowed to work, because their business is to conceive and bear children. In this same Italy, unmarried women are not allowed to work, because their business is to get married, and then to conceive and bear children. With children the great desideratum, regardless of the health, happiness, ambition, and independence of women, why not regardless of marriage also? One does not have to be married to beget offspring. Why does not Il Duce turn his Italians loose, like so many rabbits, and let nature take its course?

Is there anybody that President Roosevelt does not call by his first name? His letters amusingly remind us of the "Dear Nicky" and "Dear Willy" correspondence of Kaiser and Tsar before the war. A good illustration of how much such intimacies usually mean!

Norman Davis says that the Disarmament Conference is not dead. This looks as though we should have to get a new definition of death!

At last—a Hitler joke that is not more painful than amusing! We take it from the *Ohio State Journal* via the *Christian Leader*:

"Hitler is removing his enemies von by von."

J. H. H.

Something Is About to Be Born

The Time Spirit is agitated
She paces to and fro,
Reaching out quivering hands
Seeking some firm support
To resist the grinding, severing pain.
Now she sinks into an abyss of fear and terror,
Now she rises a little while into rest and hope
And high anticipation of all that is to come.

Now the inexorable pains begin again;
Something cannot wait any longer!
Can nobody help?
Socrates said he was a midwife
Helping truth into the world;
Great hospitals hold all that humanity knows
To help the human birth,
But the child of the Time-Spirit
Who can help?

Lofty-towered temples of culture
Preserving all that the ages have learned,
Offering little gold as a reward
But only the great joy of finding truth,
Have traced the story of the Zeit-Geist—
How in agonies of revolution
She has brought forth new forms of life.

But the enemies of progress
Who have always fought the physicians
Are fighting the doctors who would help the Zeit-Geist,
Are trying to make them ridiculous,
Saying that agony and terror
Must go with all birth
And that the mother's life must be endangered—
Such was the primal curse.

The head of the child grows ever larger,
The body of the mother is more and more convulsed;
Will the suffering world
Allow the old medicine men
Beating their war-drums
To drive away the new doctors
Until mother and child are both dead
And our civilization is gone
The way of Nineveh and Tyre?

CAROLINE MILES HILL.

Machine Age

What is this monster that you have created,
This dragon-hearted beast that is devouring
His Maker? Was it flame and wrath you mated
To bring to form this evil flowering?

His teeth are anger and his fangs are death
And he shall burn you with his bitter breath.
The offspring of a restless age of lust,
O man, he shall reduce your dreams to dust!

GEORGIANA BOLE KING.

Mira—The Mahatma's Spiritual Daughter

"Madeleine Slade is dead—there is only Mira, and you are talking to her!" The foreign newspaper correspondent was hardly prepared for such firmness in the Mahatma's English disciple who was reputed to be a gentle soul. The correspondent forgot that the gentle Gandhi himself has an iron constitution, a steel heart and an unflinching determination, and that his closest disciples have acquired these characteristics of the Master.

Twenty-five years ago Miss Madeleine Slade was a girl of seventeen, a debutante, living the social life of an officer's daughter in India. Her father, Admiral Slade, commanded a squadron in the East for three years. During that time debutante Madeleine lived in India. Her life was the usual social life of an officer's daughter. "Of course, I hardly came into contact with any Indians," she reminisced, "and when I went back to England I was just as ignorant of India as when I had left it."

Soon after her return to England the World War broke out, and she immediately realized the unsoundness of Western life. Unhappy over this sad realization, unsettled in mind, she knew not what to do. "I was seeking for some cause to serve and couldn't find it." Believing all bloodshed to be wrong, she could take no part in the universal carnage that was merrily going along from 1914 to 1918.

When disillusionment and futility were stalking abroad, Miss Slade became acquainted with the writings of M. Romain Rolland, the great French idealist, one of the few souls who had managed to remain "above the battle." Seeking a way out of the madness that had possessed the world, she met M. Rolland. "In the course of our first conversation he mentioned Gandhi, saying to me, quite simply, that here, in Gandhi's person, was a second Christ. He suggested that I should read his book on Mahatma Gandhi which he had just finished writing." She got hold of the book at the first opportunity. "When I took up the book," she went on, "I had not the slightest idea that it would result in my resolve to change my mode of living." The three hours that it took her to read M. Rolland's "Mahatma Gandhi" constituted a turning point in young Madeleine's life. Those three hours were the most decisive in her life—they led to her spiritual rebirth. The book finished, Madeleine felt she found the cause she had been seeking. Immediately she decided to go out to Gandhi in India and to serve him.

In her enthusiasm she straight away booked her passage to India, but something within her told her that she was not fully equipped to "enjoy" the simple life of the Mahatma's Ashram (Colony). She, therefore, decided upon a period of apprenticeship, one year, during which she tried to learn spinning and weaving and to accustom herself to the Ashram diet. During this period of apprenticeship she wrote to Gandhi telling him of her desire to come to India to serve his cause. At the end of the year she wrote to him again, this time asking that "Might I now come to join the Ashram?" He answered and said that she might.

Thus it came about that on the 25th of October, 1925, the truthseeking young English lady embarked on a boat at Marseilles bound for India. On the 6th of November, 1925, Madeleine Slade found herself on the shores of India—the India that was thenceforth to be her adopted Motherland. Gandhi's lieutenant, Mr. Vallabhbhai Patel, met her at the Ahmedabad station the next morning.

At the Satyagraha Ashram on the banks of the Sabarmati, Mr. Patel introduced her to Gandhi. With one quick glance at her, Mahatma Gandhi said: "You shall be my daughter." Immediately he took this new disciple of his to meet Mrs. Gandhi. Ever since that first meeting Miss Madeleine Slade, under her adopted Hindese (Indian) name of Mira, has been a spiritual daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gandhi—indeed, of Mother India herself.

After she had made good at the Ashram for a year Gandhi permitted Madeleine, as he permits all his disciples after a careful, supervised period of apprenticeship, to take the vow of *Brahmacharya* (celibacy). Thenceforth Mira was to give up all thought of worldly possession, as a token whereof she had her head shaven.

Comfort, ease and social standing merit no consideration at Gandhi's Ashram. Tests for membership are very few and simple, but rigid. Are you devoted to the ideal of *Ahimsa,* non-violence and love, in thought, word and deed? Are you capable of living the rigorous life of an ascetic? Are you capable of cheerfully giving up all worldly possessions, including life itself? If so, you are qualified to be a member of the inner circle of the Mahatma's disciples. Miss Slade has successfully passed these tests. As a token of his approbation Gandhi took her to London at the time of the Second Round Table Conference in 1931. But of that anon.

At the Ashram one must get up at 4:00 o'clock in the morning, participating in the morning worship at 4:20 a. m., and begin to attend to one's allotted tasks of the day with barely two hours off for breakfast, lunch and dinner combined. One is officially expected to retire at 9:00 p. m., but duty may sometimes keep one on the move well into midnight. The Mahatma outdoes his disciples by working harder and longer and by sleeping less than four hours a night for weeks at a stretch! But whatever time one retires, the rising time is always 4:00 o'clock in the morning. Hence, it is not surprising to find Miss Slade saying her morning prayers here at the Henry Street Settlement House in New York City in the early hours of the morning when the milk wagons are creaking along the streets.

Miss Slade's adoption of her Hindese name of Mira is significant. Mira is one of the greatest Saints of Hinduism who flourished about the fifteenth century She lived all her earthly days in a state of God-intoxication. The outpourings of St. Mira's heart have found a prominent place in all hymnals throughout India. Who shall say the twentieth-century Mira (sometimes referred to as Mirabai, Lady Mira, or as Mirabehn, Sister Mira) is not God-intoxicated?

II

I first met Mirabehn in India at the historic sessions of the all-India National Congress, during the Christmas week of 1930, at Lahore. My first glimpse of her there was while she was washing her clothes in the accepted, primitive way of India, by beating the wet clothes on a rock. My whole soul revolted at the sight. I had been back in India but three days after a ten-year sojourn in America. I was full of all sorts of wholesome American ideas of making India over after the pattern of America. And to see this erstwhile English lady attempting to outdo the people of India in primitivity!—that was too much.

On and off during that Christmas week I saw Mirabehn from a distance. Her retiring, quiet ways impressed me—the English lady had successfully converted herself into a Hindu lady. I then wondered whether the conversion was good for India—or for the lady. All around me at Gandhi's camp in Lahore I saw manual labor, and primitivity, valued at a high premium. My soul was subdued. A washing machine, I mused to my Americanized soul, would wash the clothes more efficiently, with less labor to the person and less strain on the clothes! Perhaps at Gandhi's Ashram they do things differently, I consoled myself. Later, during my three months' stay at the Ashram I learned that only the locale had changed, that the story was identically the same.

Here at the Ashram I got to know Mirabehn better. Her sincerity and wholehearted devotion to Gandhi and India's cause slowly began to dislodge the first unpleasant reactions made on me by the "washing" scene. Like thousands of India's sons and daughters Mirabehn has borne her testimony to Gandhi's principle of non-violence and to India's demand for freedom. She, too, has elected to go to prison twice, three months the first time and one year the second time; and in the true Gandhi spirit she is without malice or rancor toward the British administrators or the British people.

It was in London, however, at the time of the Second Round Table Conference in the Fall of 1931 that I got to know Mirabehn best. She efficiently performed her multifarious duties as cook, secretary, nurse and errand boy to the great Mahatma. But above all, her chief concern every moment was the concern of a loving daughter for her loving Father. Did she not know him, and address him, as Bapu (Father)? The devotion of this English daughter to her adopted Hindu Father was most touching.

Mirabehn knows the Mahatma's mind and requirements as well as does Mrs. Gandhi. This was brought home to me on several occasions in London. Quite often I used to accompany Gandhi in the morning from Kingsley Hall, his residence, to Knightsbridge, his office. Once in the automobile, sometimes Gandhi would ask me to read something from the morning papers or from his morning mail. After a while he would say he wanted to take a short nap and that I should not disturb him. (Invariably in those days the Mahatma had less than four hours of sleep nightly.) He would ask me to let him have the paper to rest his head on. The first time he asked for the paper I thought Mirabehn had been negligent in her duty by failing to provide a cushion. The next morning I suggested to Mirabehn that she supply a small pillow. She simply said, "Bapu would not use a pillow." So, that morning in the car I inquired of Gandhi: "Bapuji (Dear Father) I am going to get you a pillow tomorrow, is that all right with you?" "No," he said, "I may not use a pillow." Such deliberate immolation of the flesh I with my American outlook considered very irrational. So, while the Mahatma was having his nap, and as the London Bobbies were giving Gandhi's car the right of way, regardless of traffic or traffic signals, I meditated upon the problem. As we were getting off the car at Knightsbridge two things dawned upon me: (1) that Mirabehn had correctly divined Gandhi's mind; (2) that Gandhi's deliberate immolation of the flesh was in keeping with his vow of sharing the poverty of the masses of India, millions of whom could not afford to have a pillow to rest their weary heads upon.

Once Mirabehn's overzealous filial piety called forth a rebuke from Gandhi. Mira had bought some fruit or vegetables—which, I forget at the moment—for Gandhi from some shop outside of the Bow, the workingmen's quarters where Gandhi had taken his abode in Kingsley Hall. For the better quality of food she had paid but a penny or two more. When Gandhi learned of this he said to her: "You may not buy anything for me from any shop outside of the Bow. My food must be bought where the working people buy theirs."

III

On the 5th of July of this year Mirabehn turned up all of a sudden in England. People began to make a mystery of her departure from Gandhi. But there is no mystery attached to her visit to England or to this country. She had, as the Quakers would say, a "concern." She felt there was work for her to do in England and the Western world. She put her concern before Gandhi who immediately said to her, "If you feel like that you should go, and go at once." But she could not go unless she had his blessing. Whereupon the Mahatma gave her his blessing, and within five days thereafter she was on the boat sailing for England. From the 5th of July to the 2nd of October she toured all over England, Scotland and Wales. While interpreting the Mahatma in particular and the national demand of India in general, Mirabehn sponsored "A Message from the Men and Women of Great Britain to the Indian People and Their Leader, Mahatma Gandhi," signed by thousands of men and women in Great Britain. The "Message" said in part:

> We, the undersigned men and women of Great Britain, send you, the people of India, and your Leader Mahatma Gandhi, this message of brotherhood and good-will through your National Congress, which is to reassemble at the end of this coming October of 1934. We associate ourselves with your desire to control your own destinies as a nation. . . . We, therefore, welcome and support your National Congress Working Committee's suggestion of a Constituent Assembly, to be elected by the Indian people, for the purpose of drafting an Indian constitution, and hope that a constitution so drafted could be given final and lasting shape by agreement between the elected leaders of our two countries inspired by mutual trust. We British people cherish the ideal of Freedom and Justice through self-determination for ourselves, and we hold it to be the fundamental right of all peoples.

Tall of stature, with dark, deep, expressive eyes and soft voice, clad in *sari* of rough *khaddar* (homespun), Mirabehn, who has adopted India's garb as well as India's way of life, must have been a striking figure bestriding the British Isles in behalf of her Master, Mahatma Gandhi. We have been privileged to have her with us for two weeks. Having arrived on these shores on the 10th of October, she sailed back on the 24th of October—for England en route to India. Embarking on the boat on her way to the United States, she had been filled with high hopes of being able to "speak all over the United States about my Master, Gandhi, and about my beloved adopted country of India."

In view of the short duration of her visit the committee in charge of arrangements for Mirabehn, including, among others, Dr. John Haynes Holmes (who extended the invitation to her to visit the United States), Dr. John H. Lathrop, Mr. Roger N. Baldwin, and the present writer, are deeply gratified by the cordial reception extended to this spiritual daughter of Mahatma Gandhi by the American public, press and pulpit.

The enthusiasm of this modern nun devoted to a great social cause is most admirable. Like her Master,

she fights shy of mechanical contrivances, such as the radio, the telephone, the taxicab; but the moment I succeeded in persuading her that trafficking with these mechanical devices was inevitable in America, that her use of them would further India's cause in America, she would forthwith yield and submit to an ordeal which was not at all to her liking. Afraid of being coaxed into making "statements" or giving "messages," she would, after gentle persuasion on my part, submit to being interviewed by newspaper reporters on the spot —and even at long distance from Toronto!

Mirabehn's serenity in the midst of the surrounding dizziness and speed mania of New York has been to me personally a remarkable experience. In three days, she said, she felt as though she had been in New York for three weeks! Yes, it was a stiff schedule we prepared for her. The fulfilment of that heavy schedule by her without murmur or complaint is a sure sign of her devotion to her Master—to her Bapu, to her Father.

HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR.*

*Dr. Muzumdar accompanied Gandhi on "the March to the Sea" in India in 1930 and was with him in London at the time of the Second Round Table Conference in 1931. Author of "Gandhi versus the Empire" and editor of "India Today and Tomorrow Series," Dr. Muzumdar has been a frequent contributor to UNITY.—Editor.

In Defense of Dollfuss

Chancellor Dollfuss has been bitterly attacked in UNITY for his stand against the Social Democratic Party of Austria. If I avail myself of the generous invitation of Dr. Holmes to refute these charges, this can only be done by considering Dollfuss' aims as a whole and not isolating one incident of his life.

Dollfuss' achievement can be very briefly stated: He kept the Nazis out of Austria. That he could stem the brown flood is almost miraculous and may secure the little chancellor an honorable place in history.

When Hitler ascended to power in Germany, Austria was bowed down by economic misery. Unable to live or to die, her only salvation seemed to lie in the union with Germany. Youth with all its fervor and splendid latent energy was captured by the magnetism of Hitler's phrases and saw the new day of glory arise, when all the Germans would be unified in one big, powerful Empire.

Hitler expected Austria to fall into his hands like a ripe fruit. This conquest was the first and most important step in his program of incorporating all the Germans in the Third Empire: Those of Austria, of Switzerland, of Poland and all the others. Much of his prestige in Germany depended on this initial success. Besides Hitler may have had a great desire to lord it over Austria, the country of his birth, which had not acknowledged his gifts, but had forced him to live in poverty and obscurity.

The chief obstacle to the Nazi ambition was Dollfuss, who had already been vituperated by the National Socialists, before they had assumed full power in Germany—for had not Dollfuss signed the agreement of Lausanne in 1932, whereby Austria had pledged herself once more to abstain from the "Anschluss"—an agreement, which merely reiterated former pledges and could not have been refused by any Austrian statesman desiring to preserve peace in Europe.

The Anti-Dollfuss campaign set in with full force—Habicht was appointed Regent of Austria by the grace of Hitler and began to bombard the country with his Munich radio-speeches, offering Austria a secure, if modest place as the "fourteenth district" of the Third Empire.

At this time Dollfuss began to reawaken the Austrian's will to be himself and made him conscious once more of his own individuality.

Germanism is a theme capable of many variations.

In days gone by, Germany was decentralized to a degree unknown in other countries. Politically this was her weakness—culturally her strength. All the German tribes—the Bavarian, the Saxon, the Rhinelander, the Prussian—had their own characteristic stamp and the numerous small towns were centers of artistic and intellectual activity. The Weimar of Goethe's times was but one of the many courts, where outstanding men gathered and stimulated the country around.

But the best type of German was not only an individualist, but a universalist. Herder conceived the idea of world literature, Goethe enlarged it and Kant wrote of world peace.

The German understood, that he needed something outside of himself to fructify his own being and he reached out for the Greek culture, for Shakespeare, for the Scandinavian and Russian writers.

The old Germany was a loose federation: with the Emperor of Austria at its head and Vienna as the capital of what survived as the shadow of the Holy Roman Empire.

With the ascent of the efficient, but inartistic Prussian a new era began. Austria was gradually pushed out of German affairs and finally eliminated after the war of 1866. The unification of Germany under Prussian hegemony began to change the tone of German life—the Germans, no longer content to be the people of thinkers, wanted to be the people of doers and claimed their "place in the sun." Berlin expanded, drawing into itself much of the activity scattered before in many small places. The Prussian type began to dominate and upset the former balance, though this was strongly resented and resisted by the other German people, chiefly by the Bavarians, who even under the rule of William II retained a great deal of political and cultural independence.

The advent of the "Third Empire" accelerated the process of standardization in a breath-taking way: Hitler's program of "equalization," his insistence on race-purity intended to crush both individualism and universalism in the German and remould him after the harsh, unlovely and strident Prussian pattern.

Austria, forced out of the German Empire, was left to work out her destiny as a conglomeration of races with the German but one among many. Unfortunately the old principle of federation, that had guided the Holy Roman Empire, was not revived.

A federated Austria might have survived the war and untold misery might have been spared the Danube countries. Instead of this, Franz Joseph tried to play one nation against the other—a game, which satisfied nobody and—together with the feverish development of national self-consciousness—made the end of Austria inevitable.

But the Austro-German had been enriched by the influx of foreign blood and colorful foreign culture. This had unloosened him, given him ease and charm, made him sensitive to the thoughts of others.

A very definite type has grown up in this frontier land between North and South, between East and West—passionately fond of its country and its people, yet given to self criticism—less mechanized than other nations by the exigencies of the machine age—gifted to enjoy life and leisure—clinging with all the senses to this world and yet conscious of the beyond.

The Austrian has been noted for his musical genius and in the great musicians we find all the country's characteristics: In Haydn and above all in Mozart—sensuousness and gaiety united with soul stirring depth—in Schubert the rippling joyousness growing out of the soft beauty of the Viennese hills offset by the sad, melancholy questioning after the things beyond life. Lanner and Strauss have created Vienna's own folk song, the waltz—sparkling and enamoured of life, yet wistful—endowed with charming innocence and never marred by cheap vulgarity or sugary sentiment.

In other fields than music the Austrian has not equalled the great masters of Germany. A certain laxness of character has prevented many a gifted man from reaching the heights. But artistic talent, if not concentrated in a few great figures, is wide spread among the people, refining the materialism, with which they cling to the pleasures of life.

As such has the Austrian developed and as such the type is worth preserving. An independent Austria should be maintained for her human and cultural value and not as a barrier set up to separate the greedy nations around her.

Dollfuss, at the first onslaught of the Nazi within and without, knew how to formulate these Austrian spiritual values and to bring back to Austrian consciousness the traditions of a great past, together with the promise of a new future. He understood that his people, in order to be good Germans, must first be good Austrians—that they must resist equalization and must refuse to bow before the idol of racial purity.

Dollfuss stood his ground, when the voices across the frontier grew more and more strident, when the flood of invective and abuse mounted, when Hitler virtually forbade his subjects to travel in Austria, by charging 1000 Marks for a passport visa, thus trying to ruin the Austrian tourist trade.

Had these measures achieved their purpose—had Dollfuss been swept away and a pro-Nazi chancellor elected, Nazi-ism would have engulfed the country—and even if the actual union with Germany had been deferred, Austria would in truth have become the "Third Empire's" "fourteenth district."

The European powers, though determined to prevent the actual "Anschluss," looked at the developments in embarrassed indecision. Dollfuss sought support in France, in England and tried to bring his complaint before the League of Nations. All these attempts failed, till finally Mussolini appeared as the champion of Austrian independence.

Here was an amazing change of step in the intricate figures of the European *danse macabre*.

Italy and Austria had always cordially disliked each other. Italy's hate dated back to the days of Austrian tyrannical rule in Venice and Lombardy before the Italian unification—Austria had not forgotten, how she was forsaken and struck in the back by Italy in the World War.

At the outset Mussolini was of course favorably inclined to Hitler, his disciple in the gentle art of making Fascists. But Mussolini, doubtlessly repelled by much of Hitler's vapid shallowness and senseless brutality—as especially shown in the anti-Jewish campaign—came to regard him as anything but a credit to the cause.

Besides it was too clearly against the Italian interest to have the German dominion extended to the Brenner in uncomfortably close proximity to the German-speaking population of the Southern Tyrol.

Mussolini, who never veiled his intentions with hypocritical evasions, but with refreshing candor had always proclamed as his goal the advancement of Italy and the maintenance of an armed peace in Europe needed an independent Austria for his purpose. Dollfuss, beset by Nazi aggression and unable to find help anywhere else, needed Italy.

The accusation is not justified that Dollfuss betrayed or sold his country to Mussolini. The little chancellor understood, that the soul of Austria was less endangered by the Italian Fascist than by the German Nazi. Mussolini's interest in Austria was political, but he had no wish for her spiritual annexation.

The Italian alliance precipitated a realignment of the Austrian political parties.

Since the foundation of the republic in 1918, two parties had come into prominence: the Socialists or Social Democrats and the Christian Socialists. The first had captured Vienna and the city's beautiful Neo-Gothic city hall was the party's official stronghold. The Christian Socialists looked for political guidance to the Catholic Church, finding their adherents partly among the peasants, small townspeople and small shopkeepers, partly among the aristocracy. Austria's two most prominent statesmen—Chancellor Seipel, the wise and suave Catholic prelate, who had achieved some alleviations for Austria in the pre-depression days and Dollfuss, the heir of Seipel's political doctrine and world view—both grew out of this party's ranks.

Later two other powerful groups emerged: the Austro-Nazi and the Austro-Fascists, who wished to adopt the Italian political system translated into Austrian terms. The leaders of the Fascists, Starhemberg and Fey, had created the Heimwehr, an armed legion held at the disposal of the government.

All these groups fought against each other, though three of them held the Nazi as the common foe.

Clearly this political point and counterpoint could not continue. Dollfuss needed a united country behind him, to free his hands against Hitler. To this end he created the Austrian patriotic front, which

should unite all those, who believed in Austria as a Christian German independent state.

It was easy to merge the Christian Socialists with this new body—but the problem of incorporating both the Socialists and the Heimwehr-group in this front, was impossible of solution. The contrasts were too deep reaching, the political passions too heated. Dollfuss had to choose between the support of the Heimwehr and the Socialists.

Events moved fast and furiously. The Nazi party, though officially outlawed, continued its terroristic campaign and throwing of bombs with greater force than ever. The Heimwehr became restless—and Dollfuss decided to suppress the Socialist party and wrest Vienna out of their hands.

Nobody could in justice deny the accomplishments of the Socialist administration in Vienna. Their housing program transplanted thousands of families from slums into splendid modern buildings—their school reform was exemplary—and in the face of tremendous difficulties Vienna was maintained as an artistic and cultural center.

It is true, that much of this was done at the expense of the middle class. The landlord's lot in Vienna was not a happy one and the financial expert Stadtrath Breitner—also called the Czar of the City Hall—was feared as an ingenious deviser of new taxes. But at least the money was not stolen, the regime was free from graft and used no terroristic methods.

The greatest weakness of the Socialists lay in their inability to win the country at large. They were only successful in Vienna and a few industrial centers, while the peasants and the people in the smaller towns feared and hated the "Reds." This caused an ever widening breach between Vienna and the rest of Austria.

This fact alone would have estranged the Socialists from the Chancellor, who always thought of the country as a whole—they were further separated by Dollfuss' devout Catholicism, which made him naturally averse to the Marxian rationalistic doctrine. He looked towards a new social order beyond capitalism and Socialism—an order founded on a revival of the old guild system and not dependent on class warfare and the reign of the proletarian class.

Yet he might have accepted the coalition proposed by the Socialists, could he have hoped to save Austria from the Nazis in this way.

Looking back to the events of last February, it is of course impossible to know, what the outcome would have been, had the proposed Catholic-Socialist coalition been effected. But it seems as though the country would have been plunged in even bloodier war than the one it actually suffered.

The Nazis would have been immeasurably strengthened—for had it not been Hitler's boast, that he and he alone could save the country from Bolshevism, to which the weak Dollfuss would inevitably succumb? The Heimwehr group would have revolted and might even have in large numbers deserted to the Nazi. Italy's friendship would have been jeopardized—Hitler, at the time with a freer hand than he evidently had after the Nazi "Purge" and last July's events, might have invaded Austria.

With all this at stake Dollfuss chose according to his best belief the support of the Heimwehr and Italy as against that of the Socialists. He did not deliberately plan the slaughter of the black carnival days of February, 1934. Such things are as an avalanche, gathering momentum as it descends.

These events, which no friend of Vienna can recall without a shudder, were the tragic outcome of a hysterically overwrought political atmosphere: a party, defeated in one European country after the other, making its last, desperate stand—a government, committed to go to the bitter end and crush the revolt, once it had flared up.

Dollfuss was not a cruel or bloodthirsty man. No act of his life would warrant such judgment. His face, his appearance, his speeches, untouched by vainglorious boasting or boisterous thunder, testify to the sincerity and quiet strength of this little man, who found genuine sympathy in all of Europe.

He could not surrender to Nazi or Socialist, because he loved Austria. Rooted in the soil of his country, he felt it as his God-given mission to lead the poor people, who had suffered for so long with so much courage, out of their misery. His aim was a state, where all would be at peace and no class would war against the other. He wanted to keep Austria German in the true sense—to preserve the Austrian type and its way of life.

If many of the people did not understand his purpose and stood against him, his death brought the insight, that here a great leader had gone from a people, to whom he had come in their great hour of need. In death he could do even more than in life to save Austrian independence.

The murder committed against Dollfuss shook Europe out of the complacency, with which it had viewed German aggression in Austria. Mussolini's soldiers on the Austrian frontier saved the peace, which seemed in such imminent peril. Hitler himself repudiated his former stand and kept out of the civil war, thereby betraying the Austro-Nazis who had so confidently gone into this ill-fated revolution.

Austria seems in less danger of Nazification than at any time since Hitler's ascension.

The future is unknown to us. But we can hope, that out of all this chaos a new political and social order will arise.

Democracy—if defined as the rule of the majority through chosen representatives—is in a state of transition all through the world. Even in its prime it was indigenous to England and America, but not to Germany or Austria. To these countries the franchise was only granted, because at the time no self-respecting people with any pretense to civilization could afford to be without it. It was never a complete franchise, but a compromise between parliamentary rule and imperial authority.

The Germans and Austrians will have to find the constitution consistent with their needs and their nature. A cleansed and purified monarchy may provide a government, that assumes authority in some domains, but does not—like a greedy monster—swallow all the liberties of life.

It may be, that one day—under different political constellations—a federation of all the German people might again come to life—the union proclaimed by Hitler, but never to be realized by this man. Then Austria, having remained true to the

old German principles of individualism and universalism, might help to lead her German brothers out of the wilderness, into which they have strayed.

ERNA BRUENAUER.

The Coming War in the Pacific

It is generally recognized that the international, political and economic situation in the Pacific is disturbing. Sino-Japanese disputes, the establishment of Manchukuo under Japanese protection, Japanese activities towards Outer Mongolia, Russo-Japanese tension due to the Chinese Eastern Railway, Anglo-Japanese naval and economic rivalry, and also American-Japanese tension on various issues, may lead to a war in the Pacific. Some British radical observers feel inclined to believe that a war in the Pacific may break out within a few months.

It has been reported in the Manchester *Guardian* of December 4, 1933, that Sir Stafford Cripps, M. P., speaking in Manchester on December 2nd said:

> If you want to stop war, you must stop international economic competition. It is that which drove Japan into Manchuria and it is that which today is driving Europe back to the danger of war. . . Anyone who has studied the situation in the Far East must realise that according to the best opinion next spring is a likely time for a war to break out. If it breaks out in the East no one can say where it will end.

Sir Stafford made it clear to his audience that he was talking about the possibility of a Russo-Japanese war. It may be said that several incidents in the Far East indicate increasing Russo-Japanese tension; the most important of them are the breaking off of the negotiations for the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway and the latest decree of the Soviet Government to the effect that 50% higher wages would be given to workers going to the Sakhalin Islands, and immigrant peasants in Siberia will be relieved of ten years' taxes. It has been also reported that the Russians are making intensive military preparations in the regions of the Far East; and the Soviet Russian leaders have made public declarations of Russian preparedness to meet Japanese attack. Furthermore, the resumption of diplomatic relations between Russia and the United States has been interpreted as an indirect support to Russia by the United States.

However, there are two things decidedly against any Russo-Japanese war, unless Japan forces the issue. They are Russian industrial and economic conditions, and Russia's external relations in Europe. There is no need of dwelling upon the question that Russia industrially is not able to meet Japan on the battle-field without support from outside. The Russian transportation system is far from being in fit condition to meet the demands that will be made on it in case of a war in the Far East. Russia's diplomatic relations with various European nations have improved considerably, through her reception into the League of Nations and the signing of the non-aggression pacts with France, Poland, Roumania, Czechoslovakia and Italy. However, the advent of Hitler's regime in Germany has completely dislocated German-Russian relations. There are rumors that although Hitler's regime is anti-Asiatic in its outlook, it will rather support Japan against Russia, because anything that will weaken Russia would weaken Communism and make it easier for Germany to bring about the fulfilment of the idea of a new Middle Europe under the hegemony of Germany. It will make easy German eastward expansion, which has been spoken of so often by Dr. Rosenberg, Dr. Hugenberg and others. Germany's "Aryanism" is not purely anti-Asianism. It supports Britain in Asia because Germany hopes to secure British support against Russia and France. Germany is most anxious to secure a large part of the Chinese market, and therefore is willing to cater to Chinese who are not Aryan. In spite of French support of Russia and Mussolini's special profession of friendship for the Soviet Government, it is beyond dispute that the "Ukranian Separatist Movement" is bothering the Soviet Russian statesmen as a serious menace. It is generally assumed to be true that both Poland and Germany are actively interested in the interventionist plots which are supported by Great Britain, France and even Italy. Soviet Russian statesmen are realists and therefore they will not take the initiative in declaring a war against Japan.

If Japan attacks Russia, what would be the attitude of other powers in the Pacific? It may be safely asserted that certain of the Chinese politicians who are advocates of Sino-Russian-Anglo-American Alliance against Japan will try to support Russia against Japan. But that may not be a decisive factor against Japan. The most important factors are the attitude of the United States of America and that of Great Britain. It is generally thought that Great Britain would not under any circumstances support Soviet Russia against Japan. But this assumption is without substantial foundation. German statesmen, before the World War, also thought that Great Britain would not fight on the side of Russia, Britain's greatest rival in Asia. This was a sentimental conclusion of narrow-minded German statesmen who talked of "real politics," but could not grasp the significance of Anglo-German commercial rivalry. It is my conviction that if a Russo-Japanese war breaks out in which Russia receives support from China and America, Britain would join them against Japan to eliminate Japanese commercial rivalry. Even if America does not take an active part against Japan, Britain will be forced to do so to protect her international commercial interests. Anglo-Japanese commercial competition is hurting Britain so seriously that Britain is seeking international action against Japanese competition. The following Reuter dispatch from the Hague, December 2nd, will throw some light on the subject:

> Anglo-Dutch co-operation in the face of Japanese competition in British and Dutch East Indian markets was discussed at a conference today between six representatives of Federation of British industries and the Board of Dutch Employers' Federation. . . The conversations were found so useful that it was decided to continue them in London.

In spite of much talk of Japan's obstructing American trade in China and Manchukuo, there is no serious American-Japanese economic conflict in comparison with the existing and growing Anglo-Japanese competition. However, if ever Japan becomes involved in a war against Russia, or Great Britain, or China, American sympathies will be in favor of Japan's foes. If Japan is forced to meet the combined forces of Russia, China and Britain, it is possible that America may join them against Japan.

The present situation in the Far East is somewhat

similar to that which existed after the Sino-Japanese War of 1895. After the first Treaty of Simonosaki, Russia decided to support China in ousting Japan from the Liatung Peninsula. On that occasion Russia was actively supported by Germany and France. Therefore Japan, faced by the combined forces of Russia, Germany, France and China was obliged to give in. But this forced surrender of Japan was one of the causes of the Russo-Japanese War. In 1932, Japan fought China and created the State of Manchukuo as her protectorate. Now Japan finds herself faced with Russian opposition which is more or less backed by the United States and Great Britain. If the combined forces of Russia, Britain, America and China decide to force Japan out of Manchukuo, what will be the decision of Japan?

Upton Close, whose real name is Prof. Josef Washington Hall and who is known as a great authority on Far Eastern affairs, in an article published in the China *Press* of October 26, 1933, expressed the view that a war in the Pacific "is inevitable." He wrote:

> There is, of course, the possibility that the clash will come with Russia before it comes with the United States, and there is the possibility that Great Britain will be roused to take an active part. . . We are rapidly approaching the crisis of the most intense act yet put upon the stage of history in the long unending drama of races and nations. Japan under the present leadership cannot be cajoled or persuaded. . .

In this connection it should be recorded that there is a growing party in Japan which advocates closer understanding with Russia and an amicable settlement of American-Japanese problems to meet the eventual Anglo-Japanese conflict which is bound to come. No one can deny that an international crisis is fast approaching in the Far East. No one can play the part of a prophet in matters of development of international relations; but it may be asserted that in a year or two the Pacific may become the theatre of a war which must necessarily become a world war.

In spite of the menacing situation, let us hope that the forces for the promotion of peace will be powerful enough to avert the possible calamity.

TARAKNATH DAS.

San Remo, Italy.

Can We Change Human Nature?

Most of us have our hopes, however vague, of some day living a better life in a better world than the past has known. But with a great many of us these hopes are a watered stock. We cherish them, refuse to give them up, have a sly feeling that it is our moral duty to hold them; but we are apt to regard them as more or less impractical or impossible of achievement. They are "just hopes." We take them as we take an old souvenir, sentimentally but not too seriously, hugging them to our hearts in moments of mellow feeling but heedless of them as we go about our ordinary affairs.

There are many reasons for this perhaps, but important among them is the misgiving that human nature, "being what it is," is incapable of realizing these moral day dreams. Whenever someone suggests a change to an institutional design more in accord with ethical values than the present institutional design, how often is he met with some such statement as this: "That's a fine ideal; it would be wonderful if we could have something like that; but human nature is not good enough to achieve it and live up to it!" Many a vision of a nobler world has been dismissed from serious consideration with that pontifical statement. We can never, it is sagely affirmed, have a warless world; we can never have a cooperative economic organization; we can never have a society where acquisitiveness does not predominate; we can never abolish poverty, race prejudice, intemperance, economic insecurity, prostitution, crime! Why not? "Because these things are ordained by human nature, and you can't change human nature." The world of people and of human affairs is as it is, so the assumption runs, because of certain ineradicable traits and impulses in human nature. It is, therefore, foolish to expect any marked moral improvement in the realm of mankind. "It may be a beautiful sort of foolishness to expect it, and of course we ought to teach our children to indulge in the illusion; but commonsense tells us that you can't make human nature very different from what it is."

Now the astonishing thing is that most people actually think this is sound reasoning based upon obvious, indisputable facts. In giving assent to such a proposition they consider themselves as being shrewd, clear-headed, realistic, practical people, as being the people who keep their feet on the ground and maintain an admirable degree of social stability despite all the nonsense which is abroad. The rude truth of the matter, I am sure, is quite the opposite. This business of making human nature the scapegoat for all our social evils is simply a naive excuse, fully as naive as three-quarters of the excuses a minister hears for failure to attend church last Sunday. We make it because it is so easy to make it. It is intellectually and morally luxurious to lean back and explain the world's evils by saying, "Well, it's the old Adam in human nature." And then by adding, "You can't change human nature," we relieve ourselves of all further thought and effort on the subject.

II

What an honorable old explanation that is, and how often we use it!

Thousands of years ago we see Aristotle falling back on it. Aristotle did a great deal of thinking about the good life, about moral progress, about achieving a better world; but when confronted with the institution of slavery he shook his head like a man of sound commonsense.

> No, we can't get rid of that (he concluded). That's rooted in aboriginal human nature. It's in some men's natures to be slaves and in other men's natures to be masters. It would be absurd to think of changing that.

Well, while we have not yet succeeded in getting rid of every vestige of slavery, certainly it would be generally conceded that Aristotle made a mistake. Slavery was not a psychological necessity but a social expediency. It was not rooted in immutable human nature but in social custom.

If we will examine Aristotle's mistake we will discover that it lay not in an occasional error of judgment but in a fallacious manner of reasoning. All such judgments—and we are in the habit of making them by the

thousand—are erroneous, because there is a fallacy in the wood pile. The fallacy lies in the assumption that human nature is a very definite thing which unfolds itself according to a rigid innate design in Calvinistic independence of environmental conditions. Let us observe this fallacy at work.

Whenever we are confronted by a certain social trait or custom or institution, like Aristotle, we usually explain it upon the basis of original human nature. Practically all our thinking about racial, national and economic groups is invalidated by that assumption. For instance:

The Jewish people are generally credited with having an aversion to agriculture and a liking for commercial activities. "That's Jewish human nature," we glibly say. "It's in the blood. You couldn't alter that if you wanted to." On the surface that seems self-evident, but I wonder if it is true. Is there not some other reason why Jews are not agricultural people? They used to be a race of farmers. In ancient times when they lived in Palestine they were not addicted to what we call business any more than other peoples. Why the change? Has Jewish human nature changed? Apparently. But why did it change? An abysmal biological mystery, if we adhere to Aristotle's conception of social institutions and customs: only God knows how or why, but original Jewish human nature lost its instinct for agriculture and came to possess one for running pawn shops. We might be forced to accept that parody of an explanation if we were wholly ignorant of history. But we are not. We know that after the Jews lost their independence and were forced to dwell among ruling foreign peoples they were not allowed to own land but were segregated into ghettoes where there was nothing else to do but go into business.

What about the Irish peasant's notorious lack of thrift? Original Irish human nature, or centuries of British landlordism and a system of rack-renting which penalized thrift? Was Chinese pacifism a product of the customs, traditions, values, institutions of the old Empire civilization, or a product of original Chinese human nature? Well, Chinese pacifism disappeared as soon as the old empire was broken up by the invasion of western civilization. The same fate overtook the Greek's love of beauty when beauty-cherishing Greek culture was broken down. The American absence of esthetic appreciation has decreased as we have gotten farther away from pioneer conditions. The Dutch passion for cleanliness and the Scandinavian aptitude for seafaring are probably the influence of geography upon human nature.

Let us turn to a different type of object. Take the ugly fact of race prejudice: From time immemorial and in nearly all lands people have had an antipathy toward others of different speech, custom and complexion; and this antipathy has caused as much baseness, cruelty and abomination as anything else in the world. "That's human nature," we say. "We *instinctively* distrust and look down upon foreigners. It's the old Adam in us. Very little can be done about it. It may be un-Christian, but who said Christianity was practical? . . ." Again, I wonder if that sloppy diagnosis is correct. Aren't we *taught* race prejudice? Isn't human nature *molded* that way by the culture in which we grow up? Isn't race prejudice a social device rather than an irrepressible impulse of original human nature? It is, beyond doubt, just that. I am convinced of this by my own childhood experiences. It was my fate to be reared in a land where black and white and brown dwelt together in proximity but not in unity. Like all children who have not been imbued with their elders' prejudices, I seem to have had a natural impulse to play with children of different color with an indiscriminate zest and to accord to adults of all complexions an equal respect. I can recall instances when this impulse was vehemently reprimanded. In other words, I had to be taught the propriety of race prejudice.

That race prejudice is not ordained by native human impulses any more than any other prejudice is ordained by instinct is demonstrated by the new Russian society. The old Russia was fraught with as much race prejudice as any land under the sun. What the Jews have lately been receiving in Germany they received for centuries under the Russian Empire. But with the passing of the old order all that has been changed. The new Russia seems to have its prejudices, but race prejudice is not among them. It has been almost entirely wiped out of Russian society. To the Russian of today race means nothing important. There are no "good," "bad," "inferior," "superior" races. The fact of race is irrelevant. Race prejudice is regarded as a relic of savagery from the old days, and every reappearance of it is severely dealt with.

Take the case of what has been called "the most ancient profession in the world," prostitution. Most people would agree thoroughly that here is something which could never be gotten rid of. "It's the result of the old Adam in human nature; to talk of abolishing it would be insubstantial moonbeam patter." Ten years ago there would have been no telling argument against that viewpoint. There would have been theoretical objections, but very little tangible evidence. Today, however, there is enough tangible evidence to demolish that fatalistic conception. For within the last ten years prostitution has, for all practical purposes, been done away with. I do not mean that it has been made illegal and driven under cover. I mean that the practice itself has been almost eliminated, and this has taken place in one of the largest countries on the globe and in one where the practice used to be common enough. That place is Soviet Russia. The way in which this feat has been accomplished is one of the most thrilling and amazing chapters in human history. You will find it recorded briefly in the last book of Maurice Hindus, "The Great Offensive." This is not the place to tell the story. Suffice it to say that the principle employed was that of getting rid of the factors which make human nature turn to prostitution.

Take the matter of war between national states. "We think peace would be a very excellent state of affairs," many people say, "but it can never be, because human nature will not allow it. Men are instinctively pugnacious; therefore, we will always have war." Is that so? It strikes me that the pugnacious propensities of individual men have very little, if anything, to do with originating the wars which nations wage. When farm hands from Kansas crossed the ocean to France in 1917 and '18, was it because they were suddenly seized with a belligerent impulse to thrust a bayonet into Germans? I have my doubts. It would be downright silly to assert that wars break out whenever enough people are seized with a pugnacious impulse at the same time. As a matter of fact, the modern weapons of warfare do not well admit of an expression for pugnacity. I fail to see how going out in a boat and laying down mines for some possible enemy vessel which might sail

that way gives any more expression to one's belligerence than building a stone wall. It is true enough that we all have pugnacity in our aboriginal human natures; but it is too far-fetched to assume that there is only one way whereby this can be expressed, and that the way is through engaging in military combat. War, to be accurate, is a social institution. Yes, human nature is behind it, but not in any fatalistic sense. Human nature supports war because it has been molded to support it. The institution of war (that complex of habits, traditions, loyalties, values which make it seem proper and necessary to make war when certain conditions arise) makes human nature fully as much as human nature makes war.

In this respect, war resembles race prejudice, chattel slavery, the Jewish aptitude for trade, Chinese pacificism, Dutch cleanliness and prostitution. These things are not explained by "human nature." They do not exist by virtue of the fact that human nature categorically requires them. They represent cultural forms into which human nature, for various reasons, has been made to fit.

III

Can we change human nature? As the term is generally used, yes! Human nature is the most changeable thing in the world. We cannot, of course, change aboriginal human nature. That is to say, we can never prevent human organisms from getting hungry, from having sex appetite, from liking and disliking, from struggling to survive. But the way in which human nature will express its hunger for food, its appetite for sexual satisfaction, its likes and dislikes, and its struggle for survival, depends to a very, very important degree upon the manner in which society teaches it to express these things. Its original aptitude to dislike will express itself in race prejudice, if society teaches it to express dislike in that way. Sexual appetite will produce prostitution under certain circumstances. Original human nature, that is, human nature when it is born into this world in the guise of a babe, is one of the most indeterminate and plastic things imaginable. You can mold it into all manner of habit forms if you can provide the proper environment.

Our hopes for a better world are not actually frustrated by human nature. Indeed, these hopes are as much a part of human nature as greed or pugnacity. Human nature will act differently whenever we give it a chance, whenever we teach it to act differently. The big difficulty we face in constructing a nobler society is not human nature, but our deeply grained social habits, customs, traditions, thought-patterns, values, institutions, etc. These are the difficult things to change. Human nature could be reshaped within the space of one generation into something very different from what it appears to be at any given time, provided the social culture had the proper sort of molds or conditioning factors.

This understanding should give us some encouragement, for no doubt our moral aspirations have sometimes been paralyzed by misgivings about the ability of human nature to be anything different from the form in which we see it expressed in the life about. But no major obstacle is removed. If human nature is one of the easiest things in the world to change, nevertheless, cultural patterns are about the most difficult things in the world to change. In that realm the idealistic offensive will have to be fought. To change those things is a long and arduous process. Even revolutions do not change them very quickly, not nearly so quickly as many suppose. But cultural patterns do change. They are changing all the time, however slowly. Our task as builders of a better world is to help them change.

HUGH STEVENSON TIGNER.

The Study Table

The Latest Robinson

It is hard to say anything new about Edwin Arlington Robinson. His reputation is firmly established as one of our great American poets, and his work consistently sustains this reputation. He has fashioned a style and developed an intellectual and spiritual approach to life as distinctive as that of Robert Browning, and in these last years his writings have preserved the established type with an almost monotonous fidelity. This present volume* is in the noble and familiar tradition of its predecessors. —"Nicodemus," "Tailifer," "Matthias at the Door," "The Glory of the Nightingales" could have no more inevitable successor than "Amaranth."

One may be pardoned, perhaps, for wishing that Robinson would recover some of the variety of his early years. More and more, as time has gone on, he has set himself in his poetry to these dark, somber, psychologically intricate, spiritually profound studies of hidden aspects of human nature. The gloom of the inner region in which he wanders, as well as the mastered style which betrays certain tricks of phrasing which are now losing much of their early magic from sheer repetition, tend to make these later poems but imperfectly distinguishable from one another. Nor are his characters clear-cut, or individual. We doubt if even long passages, read aloud from "Cavendar's House," "Roman Barthelow," or "Talifer," could be successfully disentangled. Why does not Robinson give us again some of those early lyrics? Why does he not write some more immortal sonnets? And are we never to have another epic of the Round Table—a "King Arthur," perhaps, or a "Sir Galahad," to match his "Lancelot," "Merlin," and "Tristram," which are his greatest poems?

"Amaranth" is as Robinesque as "Rabbi Ben Ezra" or "The Grammarian's Funeral" is Browningesque. Nobody but this stern, psychological poet could have written it. If it differs at all from its companion-pieces, it is in the fact that it is not so much a story of hard-beset and sad-stricken human folk, as a kind of parable of human nature. The poet has taken a certain problem of life in its more general aspects, and portrayed it in terms of some imaginary shadow-land wherein flit the wraiths of beings who embody our poor selves. The poem is in certain aspects a *grotesque,* but in its nobler qualities, and especially in its lofty close, a tragedy of somber grandeur.

What concerns Robinson is the problem of maladjusted lives—of men and women who have un-

*"Amaranth," by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Published by Macmillan. $2.00.

dertaken tasks for which they were not fitted, and thus have not only failed in their chosen roles, but have also missed together the achievement and happiness for which they were born. The type characters are a painter, a musician, a lawyer, a physician, a poet, a novelist, a clergyman, who have been betrayed into these high callings for which they had no genius, and thus have become disillusioned, heart-sick, cynical, or desperate. Amaranth is himself a shadow, or a voice, never clearly defined—the personification of some inner process of self-discovery—who by his mere presence brings these strange characters to themselves, and shows to their shocked gaze the mess they have made of their poor lives. Some of these disillusioned persons collapse and perish utterly, some rush to suicide, others resign themselves to failure and defeat, Fargo (the central character) has escaped and found his true place in the world, only to feel the old longing for what he was not born to do, and thus to return to this weird and weary country of "the Vanquished." The lawyer, Figg, tells the story of it all in his own experience—

If I'm a sorry lawyer, that's because
I should have been seized early and submerged
In forethought chilly enough to make me shiver
And think. I was too docile and too warm.
I followed others, and you see me now;
I followed them because I saw them shining;
And without asking whether or not the fuel
In me was one to make their sort of fire
And light, I came to learn that it was not.
There was a proper flame that all the while
Was burning in me, but I stifled it . . .
One day I fanned it with a breath of hope,
And found that it was out.

There are profound applications of this poetic study to the whole of life. We wonder, however, if Robinson did not have in mind some specific application to his own field of art. There are terrific satirical passages in "Amaranth" about the poets who write and the painters who paint without line or form of any kind—the men who think that words strung along and colors splashed in any fashion constitute artistic masterpieces. This accomplished poet seems to have become impatient of so-called literature or art which defies all rules, ignores all disciplines, and presents nothing recognizable by the standards which it appropriates. He speaks of painters who were born to be stevedores, and poets to be traveling salesmen, and his chief character is a man who abandoned art, at which he was a failure, to become a manufacturer of pumps, at which he was a great success. "Sinners of old," he says—

Believed if they prayed once or twice to God,
He would prepare them for an easy march
To heaven without good works; and nowadays
Sinners in art believe there are short roads
To glory without form.

Robinson has shown long since that he is possessed of a sardonic wit, and a spirit outraged by pretension, hypocrisy, and sham. We feel that we shall not be misusing "Amaranth," if we commend it to the practitioners of free verse, modernistic music, and cubist art.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

The Ugly Duckling

There is a curious parallel between the lives of Hans Christian Andersen and the Ugly Duckling: those who prefer to read of his life in a briefer, more poetic version should turn to the fairy tale and look beneath the thin veil of symbolism while they read. But those who wish to know him intimately, to live for a while with the creator of "The Little Tin Soldier," "Great Claus and Little Claus," "Thumbelina," and "The Ugly Duckling," can do no better than to go to Signe Toksvig's excellent new "Life of Hans Christian Andersen."*

Let us for a moment, like the author, trace the similarity of the two lives. Andersen was born in Odense, which resembles well the "poultry-yard" of the tale.

"There was a terrible riot going on there."

And just like the bird, he was misunderstood and abused, he was "too large and peculiar," a sensitive melancholy child with a feeling that he was placed in the world for an especial purpose but just what, he did not know.

"What sort of a one are you?" they asked; and the Duckling turned in every direction and bowed as well as it could.

He came from poverty-ridden lower-class stock, and his father and grandfather became insane. When the "poultry-yard" became unbearable, poor Hans Christian ran away to the "moor" at Copenhagen. Here in Denmark's capital

it lay the whole night long; and it was weary and downcast.

He saw the other more fortunate birds come and go, and suffered physical and mental torment while trying to orient himself. The Directors of the Royal Theater told him he lacked the qualifications for an actor; he was told he was too ungraceful for the Ballet; and his voice changed just as he began to show promise in the chorus. Befriended at last by Jonas Collin and his family and others of Denmark's wealth and aristocracy, he was sent off to the "peasant's hut" at Slagelse, a grammar school kept by the tyrannical Miesling.

The Duckling was admitted on trial but no eggs came.

He had begun to write, but friends and enemies alike and particularly Miesling told him that he lacked the education and talent to become an author, and he might more profitably spend his time learning a trade.

It is, perhaps, Andersen in the "garden"—the Duckling become a Swan—which is most fascinating. Received and adored by rich and poor, high and low, in all the countries of Europe because of his children's stories—tales he wrote as pot-boilers, and considered by him to be inferior to his "Robbers," "Alfsol," "The Improvisator," "The Moorish Maid," or "Lucky Per," which were rather dull, uninteresting sallies into the realm of the novel, the drama, and narrative verse—he basked and preened himself in the warm glow of fame.

I never dreamed of so much happiness when I was still the Ugly Duckling.

The author, however, makes clear in the closing chapters of the book that the parallel between the man and the fowl was closer than even Andersen himself suspected. He was *in very truth* a swan, a vain, pretty but rather useless ornament in the households where he was received because of his

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*"The Life of Hans Christian Andersen"—Signe Toksvig; Harcourt Brace and Company; N. Y. 1934; 289 pages.

notoriety rather than his creative capacity. His fame rests largely upon the comparatively small number of beautiful children's tales he wrote—and deplored.

LYLE CORS.

Russia—By a Psychiatrist

Only non-realists (such as conservatives, especially in economics, usually are) would insist upon a picture of Russia pure and undefiled by personal bias of any sort. Dr. Frankwood E. Williams, in the preface to "Russia, Youth, and the Present Day World,"* points out that each visitor to Russia observes by means of the experiences of life which he has undergone, and so complete objectivity is impossible. As a psychiatrist, Dr. Williams fully comprehends the significance of this fact, and frankly states his own background. As an ordinary American mild liberal he "happened in" upon Russia on a tour of Europe. The things he saw on that short visit gave him such a shock that he was forced to return for a much longer period to test his first judgments on unorthodox mental hygiene.

His observations in Russia forced Dr. Williams to recast his whole approach to what he had been looking for. Psychiatric clinics there were, not many, and not impressive. We have better ones in America. Constantly the Soviet clinicians asked Dr. Williams if he had seen the Museum of the Revolution, the Park of Culture and Rest, a factory, or a food kitchen. Mistaking these suggestions at first as evasive replies or attempts to conceal inadequacies, the truth finally dawned—Russian psychiatry is not a matter of clinics and specialists—the whole of life is fitted out with consideration for mental hygiene! Psychiatry is not a clinical problem. The difference between psychiatry in Soviet Russia and America is a difference in fundamental philosophies, a thought which echoes and reechoes throughout the book.

Dr. Williams gives a most incisive analysis, in terms of realism and idealism, of comparative psychiatry.

> We sentimentalize a great deal about the individual, his potentialities, his sacred person, his freedom, his opportunity—at this point we are thorough idealists—then we turn him loose to devour or be devoured. After he has been thoroughly mauled and beaten up we become realists and in the best realistic fashion examine *him* to find out what is the matter with *him* that he has got all out of "adjustment."

The Soviets proceed in the opposite manner. They do not dwell on the idealistic slogans of "liberty," "opportunity," and "freedom," but realistically adjust the vast majority of their one hundred and sixty million population to places in the scheme of life. When maladjustment is found, then an idealistic theory is used on the patient.

A chapter on "The Significance of Dictatorship; Russia and Italy," is an analysis whose perspicuity would put to shame most professional political scientists. Then follow several chapters which penetratingly analyze contemporary civilization, especially American, from the point of view of the psychologist. A chapter of side-by-side comparisons, America and Russia, of "Parents," "Pre-School Life," "School," and "High School," is a masterpiece of profound insight into human nature.

Several theses which Dr. Williams convincingly develops are so unorthodox that the reader is severely startled: Hate is a force in human beings to be used, not suppressed. "We must be permitted to hate." Civil war for a purpose is preferable to international war. A civilization can be built on the principle of "no exploitation," from which all its institutions will follow. Sociologists and economists are still in the age of symptom-treatment which medicine long ago passed through. The most revolutionary aspect of Soviet Russia is not in its economics, but in its philosophy. And lest the mere statement of these heretical theses cause readers of this review to react with rage against the proponent of such preposterous ideas, I urgently beg that judgment be suspended until the whole of Dr. Williams' carefully written volume be read; then, perhaps, the ideas will not seem so preposterous.

The many arresting thoughts in this book defy enumeration. Dr. Williams has in this volume of essays inspired by his extended visit to Soviet Russia stated a thoroughgoing revolutionary philosophy of life; so thoroughgoing, in fact, that he leaves one's former admiration for American "culture" definitely weakened.

I unreservedly commend the book to the readers of UNITY, who, I know, are interested in a new social order which will reckon values in terms of human beings, rather than tall buildings and monstrous machines—a point of view which Dr. Williams, the psychiatrist, ably sets forth.

EDWARD W. OHRENSTEIN.

*"Russia, Youth and the Present Day World," by Frankwood E. Williams. Published by Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York.

Crouchback

A mysterious gloom invests the figure of Richard III: "a wonderous stale stink of melodrama." For four centuries his mask, dreadsome as Medusa's, bloody as Bluebeard's, has been used by parents to frighten children—and by English historians to justify Tudor supremacy. The frenzies of the historians have been followed by the phantasies of the novelists. But, at last, in their wake comes Philip Lindsay, who, with a touch at once adroit and dramatic, lifts that spectral covering, to reveal the man behind it. What this unveiling reveals constitutes, perhaps, the strangest story in English history: a true tale which is, in its essence, more poetic than Shakespeare and more romantic than Dumas—the tragical history of King Crouchback,* most melancholy of medieval monarchs, hero and martyr of the Wars of the Roses. "To the drama, then"; and follow it.

Born in 1452 at Fotheringay (whether deformed or no is indeterminate) Richard, last of the Plantagenets, enters his career somewhat tardily upon the heels of his father and brother, both long and valiant battlers for the English crown. A background of fifteenth century civilization, including such glories as Caxton and Malory foreshadowing their advent. A long ominous roll of drums preludes the opening of the Wars of the Roses: that fearful fifteenth century Armageddon wherein the English nobility slew itself east, west, north and south, beneath the standards of Lancaster and York. Then the pageant proper opens, with the weakling Henry VI upon the throne—and England is almost instantly plunged into the great conflict, precipitated by Crouchback's father, Richard of York, and the aspiring Warwick. The throne totters, pitching and tossing in a sea of blood, up-

*The Tragic King: Richard III. By Philip Lindsay. Macbride, 1934. $3.00.

held for a breath by Queen Marguerite's Lancastrian victory at Wakefield and the death of the Duke; maliciously it upsets the weakling Henry VI; and Edward, king by grace of God and his good uncle Warwick, the Kingmaker, seats himself thereon. All this during the infancy of our humpy hero, whose "big brother," surnamed "The Sun in Splendor," now rules over England and loads him with honors, titles, and lands.

Edward, the throne, England itself— all are now overshadowed by the cyclopean shape of Warwick, the present patron of Crouchback, duke of Gloucester. And when Edward IV, rising to man, would cast off this shadow, he finds himself in fatal conflict with the substance—with a resultant deposition of the Sun in Splendor and the restoration of that pale ghost, Henry VI, Gloucester, the future Richard III (who had cloven loyally to Edward) being thrust again into the shadows. But Edward, man of might, strikes back; and, at St. John's field the Kingmaker falls, carrying the reactionary red rose banner of Lancaster once more into the dust; Edward's himself once more—and Richard. Tewkesbury, where the last vestiges of opposition are crushed, is the end: and once more England settles herself tranquilly beneath the white rose and Edward IV, while far-off dirges sound demise for the ghostly Henry. And now Edward turns his arms against France, whose subtle sovereign, Louis XI, "King Spider," had continually abetted the Kingmaker with all his legions of disorder.

"Fair stood the wind for France" as this understudy of the victor of Agincourt set sail—only to meet the schemer at Picquigny and negotiate a treaty destined to give both nations nearly a hundred years' peace. Louis returns to Paris to rule his state, with wisdom and sagacity, Edward to govern England in sloth and luxury—and Richard, future prototype of King Spider, to administer his estates and cultivate golden opinions. Edward's last years, marked by parricide, of his brother George, duke of Clarence, are also famous for art, literature and commerce, as well as for the increasing ascent of Crouchback, now grand chamberlain and warden of the marches, wedded by now to Anne of Warwick. Swiftly the portly King passes from the picture, leaving Richard sole guardian of the twin heirs. They died—God alone knows how —but not, avers Mr. Lindsay, at Gloucester's hands and Richard is lone ruler of England.

King by grace of necessity, Crouchback proceeds to rule his England with firmness, justice and sagacity; pardoning his enemies with characteristic Plantagenet incaution, he sows the seeds of his own destruction, but he wins the love of a people. After a coronation golden with fifteenth century pageantry, Richard and his spouse take up the reins of power and govern their turbulent country well. Largesses to literature; discipline for the nobility; greatness for the Church; justice for the commons. A honeymoon, in truth; but far in the wilds of Wales, a Welsh adventurer was preparing to bring it all to naught: and from Merlin's Broceliande arises this evil specter to haunt the dreams of England—taking tangible shape at Bosworth Field, it sweeps down upon King Crouchback (recently bereaved) and, with its fiery dragon breath, hurls the last Plantagenet ruler into the great deep of History, ushering in, with fanfare and cannonade, the imperial House of Tudor.

And the verdict on all this? Mr. Lindsay, who has lifted not only the mask from a man but the curtain from an entire forgotten epoch, has that verdict ready to hand; and, with overwhelming assurance, he presents it: Henry Tudor, "usurper, murderer, liar"—Richard . . . "lonely and tragic, a great and honest king and a born Englishman." Thus the dramatist, who has made live again for us that world of splendor and horror; of lust and holiness; of love divine as the stars and hatred crueller than the grave. Shall we accept it? For our part, we must confess that, beneath the weight of evidence tumultuously piled upon us, our reason breaks down: we have enjoyed immensely this mighty melodrama, through which move, besides the principals, Louis XI and Commynes; Philip of Burgundy and Charles the Bold; James of Scotland; Maximilian of Austria; Joan of Arc and Charles VII; and many more: and we willingly confess King Crouchback, if not quite so "courageous," "kindly," "noble," and "cultured" as Mr. Lindsay depicts him, to have been one of the most remarkable monarchs ever born in the tide of times, and a sovereign whom England need not fear to acclaim for her own.

ROBERT C. SCHALLER.

To Sleep

Come, gracious Treasurer of Life's pure gold,—
When we with all our vital credit spent
Under the starry splendor of Thy tent—
Weary from much adventuring—to Thy fold
Return, as bankrupt merchantmen and bold,—
Forclose, forclose!—and lend as you have lent
Bounties of strength and joy with brave dreams blent,
Calm queen of Morpheus, lord of wealth untold!

As Henry at Canossa's citadel
Resplendent Youth at length must yield to Thee,
And august Caesar woo Thee in his bed,
For soon without Thy sweet diurnal spell
The fair world must a dreary desert be
Where Life gropes without waking, being dead,
And Knowledge knows no other cure for pain,—
Sleep, come in this dark hour as freshening rain
To thirsty earth, and make us wise and well again!

BRENT ALLINSON.

Ode to Brotherhood

O brothers all, together we
Must find escape from bitter woe,
From selfishness and misery
And all the bonds of long ago.
Alone no man can meet the test,
In union love is at its best;
So must we strive each day, each year,
To bury self, that God's true laws may now appear.

To love thy neighbor as thyself,—
The admonition still rings clear;
The heart that is a slave to self
Must dwell in everlasting fear,
Nor know the peace that some glad day
Will sweep the trials of man away.
Your hand, then, in the lasting bond
Of friendship that will meet the great and vast beyond.

GEORGIANA BOLE KING.

Correspondence

England In India

Editor of UNITY:

P. Glading, in an introduction to Professor A. Rysakoff's instructive book on *The National Policy of the Soviet Union,* furnishes four classical examples as "a testimony to the cultural development" of the over three hundred million people of India after 150 years of British civilizing rule which merit particular attention.

Exhibition I. *Education*

Able to read and write:		*Unable to read and write:*	
Men	19,841,438	Men	142,623,691
Women	2,782,213	Women	150,807,889
Total	22,623,651	Total	293,431,580

(Statistics of illiteracy citing Government figures of the 1921 census of India.)

Exhibit II. *Agricultural Progress*

". . . . during the nineteenth century it was estimated that over 30,000,000 died of famine." (p. 13) "And even now only 3% of the Indian Budget is appropriated for irrigation, whilst 25% is earmarked for military purposes."

Exhibit III. *The Life of the Average Indian*

"The average Indian income is so small that it is quite insufficient to meet even the primary wants of man—of food, clothing and shelter. . . . The average Indian income is just enough to feed two men in every three of the population (or give all of them two, in the place of three, meals they need), on condition that they all consent to go naked, live out of doors all the year round, have no amusement or recreation, and want nothing else but food, and that the lowest, the coarsest and least nutritious." (Quoting Professor K. T. Shah, *The Wealth and Taxable Capacity of India,* p. 253.)

Exhibit IV. *A British Confession of Aim*

"We did not conquer India for the benefit of the Indians. I know in Missionary meetings it is said that we conquered India to raise the level of the Indians. That is cant! We conquered India as the outlet for the goods of Great Britain. We conquered India by the sword and by the sword we should hold it. . ." (From a speech of the late Joynson Hicks, in October, 1925.)

Such is the truth as Imperialism wills it.

DAVID GITTLEMAN.

New York, N. Y.

A Correction

Editor of UNITY:

Our attention has been called to a statement in the August 20 issue of UNITY to the effect that A Century of Progress Exposition offered $10,000 for the right to exhume Dillinger's body and place it on public exhibition.

Since we are sure that you are interested in publishing authentic information in your magazine, we should like to inform you that the Exposition made no such offer, and never contemplated such a disgusting spectacle.

We do not know from what source your information was received, but we believe for the sake of fairness to both the Exposition as well as to your readers, you may desire to issue a correction in one of your subsequent issues.

Very truly yours,

A Century of Progress

GEORGE A. BARCLAY,

Chief Periodical Section, Publicity Division.

[Our paragraph was based on a newspaper story published in connection with the appearance of the Dillinger family at an Indianapolis vaudeville theater. We regret this error—and wonder anew that we ever believe anything we see in the papers.—Editor.]

NOTICE

Mrs. Henriette Posner, 552 Humboldt St., Rochester, New York, will be glad to receive any old copies of UNITY which subscribers have on hand, and promises to place them in public institutions, etc.

The Field

(*Continued from Page* 82)

my stay in Calcutta, hoping against hope that through some influential people I might get a chance to see him. Fortunately for me, I spoke to Dr. D. N. Maitra, who secured an invitation for me to attend the reception given to Gandhi by the Corporation (city) of Calcutta. In company with Dr. Maitra and the wife of one of the leading Indian business men of the city, I was ushered to a seat in the fourth row from the front—almost near enough to reach out and shake hands with Mr. Gandhi.

The scene was an interesting one. The streets through which we drove as we neared the Town Hall, where the reception was held, were lined with police, with crowds of people on either side squatting in characteristic Indian fashion, very quietly awaiting the appearance of their hero. On the steps of the Town Hall as we entered the large hallway were other police and many officials of the city. In characteristic Indian fashion, also, every place was decorated with beautiful flowers of every color and description, the lotus being the most common of all, and each of us was given a rose to wear.

In the audience room on the second floor, a large crowd had already gathered, although it was forty-five minutes before the program was supposed to start. Because Dr. Maitra is very well known for his outstanding social work, and because we had a lady with us and we insisted on sitting together, we succeeded in getting these splendid seats near the front. On the platform was a dais with two cushions on the floor. Back of it were ranged rows of chairs for the high officials and friends of Mr. Gandhi. In the background was a large painting of a conventionalized lotus flower with a tcherka, or spinning-wheel, superimposed. On the dais was a spinning-wheel made of flowers.

The audience was picturesque. The women sat on one side, mostly Indian women in their native costumes, graceful and beautiful in a wide range of colors. The men, on the other side, were practically all dressed in the white cotton costumes they commonly wear, although a few, including perhaps half a dozen foreigners like myself, were in western clothes. Here and there were men with turbans of various colors, or with the little caps characteristic of the Mohammedans. Space was at a premium, so everywhere about the hall people who could not get seats stood during the whole time. In-

dian leaders, both men and women, and fine-looking people they are, kept coming in to seats reserved for them, our guide telling us about them as they appeared.

I usually do not like such long waits, but every moment of this was fascinating. Knowing the common opinion here that time means nothing, I wondered when the program would start. Of course it would be late—all such programs are, whether in India or the United States. Much to my surprise, at exactly four-thirty, which was the hour set, a shout from the waiting crowd outside indicated that the guest of the occasion had arrived. His progress into the building and up to the hall was marked by shouts from those who were waiting, and in a very few minutes he came up the center aisle next to me. Before him came a big burly policeman, making me think of a Great Dane protecting a little Scotty. With very rapid steps, almost a run, Mr. Gandhi ascended the platform and took his place on the dais. With him was the mayor of the Corporation, a man at least six feet tall, and proportionately large. Gandhi, in his simple loin-cloth, with his slender body and rather nervous movements of his head and hands, quietly acknowledged the cheers of the crowd and squatted down. The mayor, in striking contrast, large, well-built, fully dressed in his white robes, stood to give the address of the Corporation to Gandhi, at the close taking his place on the floor beside his guest.

My first impressions of Gandhi were interesting—to myself at least. One English lady with whom I had talked about him, had said that he was a lawyer, and she was always suspicious of lawyers. She felt that he was a very clever publicity seeker, who was capitalizing his popularity to raise money, ostensibly for his social work, but really for political purposes. I suppose this was in my mind, because I wondered whether this simple costume and the humility of his posture were not for publicity only. I needed to watch him for only a few moments to have any such impression dispelled, and to feel the strength of his personality. Many of the photographs I have seen of him are caricatures. While he is not handsome, there is a force and power about him which are compelling.

The address of the mayor was a gold-bordered document written and delivered in Bengali, but as we had been supplied with an English translation it was possible for us to follow it. Mr. Gandhi sat quietly until it was finished, and then, still squatting and leaning rather heavily on his right hand, he replied. He also spoke in one of the dialects, I don't know which, of which I understood just two words—"Corporation" and "Calcutta." To emphasize his points, he occasionally gestured with his left hand. His delivery was rather quiet and monotonous, but the crowd listened without a sound, applauding him enthusiastically at the end. I was told afterward that he had made a plea that the Corporation see its social responsibility for the least as well as the greatest among its people. His tone all through was serious. He neither smiled nor led his audience to smile.

At the close of Gandhi's speech, the mayor arose and presented the Corporation's address to him on a huge silver platter, beautifully engraved for the occasion. Mr. Gandhi looked at it and thanked the mayor for it, and then, to my astonishment, offered it for sale at auction, the money to go for the work he is doing to break down the caste and to lift up the Untouchables. No one else in the audience seemed to be surprised at this action, but took it for granted. Gandhi was a different man entirely, as he acted as auctioneer. He laughed, joked, and generally seemed to be having a good time. The bidding started briskly, but in small amounts. Once all bids seemed to be in, and he started like any auctioneer: "Going—once, going—twice, but I won't say going the third time," said he, as the crowd laughed and the biddling started again. Someone asked for the privilege of bidding on both the address and the platter, which he had been offering separately. He agreed, if a bid of three thousand rupees was offered. A quietly dressed young man sitting next to me made this bid. This was raised by another young Indian, who had been pointed out to me as a very wealthy man and one of Gandhi's best supporters. Finally, my neighbor raised the bid to five thousand rupees (about two thousand dollars), and the sale was over. I had an opportunity of examining his purchase when he came back to his seat.

This concluded the program, except for applause and shouts from the audience. Gandhi stood for the first time since he entered, made a sign of greeting or farewell to the people, and then, preceded by the big policeman, escorted by the mayor, surrounded by his admirers, who formed a strong-arm circle about him, he proceeded down the aisle. Here, perhaps, was best seen his standing in the minds of many. People reached out to touch him, dropped on their knees on the floor about him, and as he left the building the crowds gathered outside, made the sign of greeting and respect one sees used among Indian gentlemen. Quietly he entered his car and was driven away, while the crowd stood to honor him.

What is Mahatma Gandhi? I don't know. I have had at least a dozen views of him since the meeting, as I have talked with English, Indians and Anglo Indians. My own final impression is that he is an earnest and sincere reformer, who is using his power and influence toward a solution of some of the tremendous social problems his country is facing. He is dramatic, undoubtedly, but there is no sense of pose or insincerity about it. He has a wonderful hold on thousands of people, as the crowds about him prove. He is striking at vital matters. Whatever his final influence may be, just now he is revered as little less than a saint by many, feared by many, scoffed at by some, but by all acknowledged to be the most powerful individual in the country. He, at least, is getting many English and Indians alike to think deeply and seriously on the things which concern them most.—

—*Roger F. Etz.*

The Christian Leader.

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